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Informations

I warn you that there is sexual content, traumatic experiences, paranoia, hallucinations, blood and violence.

It's similar to these Alpha and Omega stories, but I changed it up a bit.

There is still this structure of people and those who rule over them, but not like ours, present in the world. The people have colors such as gray, brown, black, yellow, tan, rust red and white, while Countryhumans have their usual colors. The people and the Countryhumans work together more. It doesn't have much to do with the story of this story, but I just wanted to mention it because it has something to do with Reich's story here.

In this world there live creatures that are like a mixture of wolf, dog, cat and human, or what I call 'Wuntzen'. I write 'Wogatan' instead of Countryhuman, the reason is simple, they can only be Countryhumans if there are people too, but they don't exist because they are replaced by Wuntzen, thus the Countryhumans of the world are the Wogatan. Their bodies reflect the animals and occasionally their behavior or behavioral patterns, but they can stand and walk upright without any problems. Their fur has the colors of the flag. Wogatans can die multiple times and their body automatically eliminates what caused them to die when they die. Scars can be recognized by the fact that the fur doesn't quite fit in the area or doesn't grow back at all.

There is a problem they are struggling with. Since they are largely animals, their instincts are particularly specialized in reproduction, so these creatures have divided the different types of their bodies into groups. Depending on the group, it can be influenced differently with the strength of instincts in different areas. The groups stand out for a few things:

Group A: Are very strongly influenced by scents and can drive them crazy. Once they sense by smell that someone from the other group

is ready to reproduce, these instincts are so strong that they become wild and unpredictable.

Group B: Are not as distracted by the scents as Group A, but can also lose self-control from time to time.

Group C: Can handle the reproductive scents well and has little influence on them.

Group D: Don't take the scents.

Group E: Exude light scents and are not influenced by other scents.

Group F: Releases a reproductive scent about every 5 years.

Group G: Releases the reproductive scent very strongly every few months. If one of the other groups acts on their instincts at the time the scent is released, their bodies are paralyzed, unable to do anything until the other is done with them, while they cannot defend themselves against the others. When they are in the so-called heat, they are just begging to reproduce with others, which in most cases is just what their body wants.

Groups F and G get something called the heat every year or two. During this time, they emit a scent for a week that shows that their bodies are ready for reproduction. In the heat of the day, everyone in Group F, and especially Group G, cries out just to have intercourse with others. Groups A and B go crazy with the scents and have a hard time dealing with them. You can only determine the group of living beings when you are around 20 years old, as your body is only then mature and it lasts until you are around 40 to 60 years old, except for Wogatans, as they can get older.

Chapter 1

Soviet Union was an adult Wogatan who was at his home and groomed himself by licking his red fur. Of course he could also take a shower or a bath, but he was more bored than really dirty.

The forty year old's yellow eyes wandered to the clock as he had planned to go outside looking for mushrooms as he would like to either make a sauce out of them for himself or fry the mushrooms. He loved mushrooms. He was well acquainted with the species of mushrooms and only went to look for mushrooms in forests known to him.

He gathered his motivation and joy to get up from his cozy spot on the sofa where he had all his pillows and blankets. He struggled to his feet and took a few steps to the side so he could pick up his jacket, which was lying on the other side of the sofa.

He put on the dark green jacket. He actually only got that jacket for one of his sisters, who thought a compliment contrast would be perfect for him when it came to clothing. Soviet didn't like this green jacket for three years and only wore it for his sister, but then he didn't care about the color and he always wore the jacket when he went to the forest.

After buttoning his jacket, he went into the kitchen to get his basket from the dining room and a sharp little knife from a drawer.

Soviet Union took everything to the cloakroom where he put everything down before putting on his brown boots and taking the keys before leaving his house.

After locking the front door, he wandered to his car and put the basket in the back seat before driving off into the woods.

Arriving at the trail to the forest, he parked his car and picked up his basket before locking his car and walking along the trail.

It was a bit hazy in the forest and the leaves from the trees were all over the place, turning the forest floor orange, red and brown. Together with the big trees it looked really nice. A few toadstools also grew there, which made the forest seem magical.

Soviet went to two toadstools on the side of the trail and examined them before cutting them off by the stem with his small knife and placing them in his basket.

He needed these mushrooms because they had great healing powers, the only thing that mattered was the dosage of these mushrooms.

Soviet Union walked off the path and to the porcini mushrooms he had spotted. Today there would definitely be dumplings with mushroom sauce.

Excited about the mushrooms, he ran around and deeper into the forest.

As he was collecting parasol mushrooms, he saw something unusual.

He saw scratch marks on the floor. He walked slowly to the tracks. Someone had been digging not far from him, or so it seemed. Soviet Union then saw by leaves near a small conifer that was smaller than him that there was a red liquid, probably blood.

He walked closer to the tree and kept his eyes on the ground. He then examined the liquid with his nose and knew that the blood was relatively fresh. He immediately sniffed around, but the strong breeze wasn't particularly helpful.

Big Wogatan looked around and spotted something white among the leaves to his left. Curious, he went and examined it. Surprisingly it was white color.

Then he looked around again and saw something with white furry lying on the forest floor. It moved, which was probably its breathing. It didn't move except for breathing. Soviet Union put his basket down before approaching.

He quickly realized that the furry white creature had caught its foot in a wire. Soviet didn't think twice and freed it from the wire with his knife.

After the creature was freed, he looked at the leg and realized that the creature had pulled on it so hard that the wire went so deep in his foot that it had a bloody wound. You could also see on closer inspection that the wire rope had eaten into the skin so badly that you could see the flesh.

How long had this poor creature fought? He move closer to the creature's face. The creature's face was wet and mostly had cherry red fur where the color was probably gone, but between the eyes it was partly black. It probably cried. It was either unconscious or asleep.

Soviet Union sniffed it and found out that it must have been living in the forest for quite a long time and had young ones, also after sniffing a bit more also found out that it was either a Wuntzen or a Wogatan, either to the group E, F or G belonged. He couldn't find out more because the color covered the further information he could find out from the smell of the other.

Because the one in front of him seemed to have cubs, he couldn't just grab him and take him home to take care of him there, as the cubs would probably die and the one in front of him would rip his head off. After a moment's thought, he decided to shake him awake so he could get them to safety and take care of the family.

Soviet Union grabbed his shoulder and shook him back and forth to wake him up. The eyes of the white colored creature slowly opened.

When it saw Soviet, the injured creature's pupils contracted and Soviet saw it panic with its own eyes. The white colored creature immediately got up on all four legs and tried to run away, but quickly fell. While trying to run away, the big Wogatan realized that the one in front of him looked very emaciated.

Soviet Union walked up to him and lifted the injured leg a little before reassuring him, "I want to help you get to your cubs so I can nurse your leg back to health and you won't be so hungry anymore."

The injured man looked over at him and met his eyes before sticking his nose up in the air and calming down slightly because Soviet Union's scent didn't pose any danger to him or his cubs until he then caught a glimpse of his scent, that he didn't like it at all.

Standing on three legs, he puffed himself up and pulled his leg away from Soviet while turning to snarl at him and aggressively showing his teeth. Soviet Union stood up again and backed back step by step as the white man remained standing there.

Big Wogatan noticed that the other one was still afraid of him and wasn't aggressive.

"I just want to help you.", Soviet tried to calm him down.

Their situation didn't change, so Soviet Union got on all four paws to make him look less threatening. The other hissed at him. Only one idea came to Soviet's mind to to calm the other down. Soviet lay on his back and stretched his paws a little in the air.

Confused, but also reassured, the injured man looked down at him. Again the stranger sniffed Soviet Union, but much more intensely, to make sure that Soviet was no danger to him and his cubs.

When he was done sniffing, he pressed his warm but wet nose to his cheek, which made Soviet stand up again.

"I know I'm a Group A, but I just want to help you. Please let me help you.", Soviet Union asked in a friendly, respectful manner the one in front of him.

It didn't take long for the injured man to stand in front of him and lift his injured leg up and stretch it backwards.

Carefully Soviet Union took the other's leg and helped him not to put any weight on the injured and bleeding leg.

Soviet Union and the unknown went deeper into the dark part of the forest and it surprisingly didn't take long to get to the burrow. Light fell into the burrow, but it was still very dark inside.

The injured one crawled in first before Soviet Union crawled up

behind. Soviet had to focus on his snout and nose because it was so dark. Luckily Soviet was good at using his senses. At some point they were in a larger part of the burrow. This is where the cubs must be, he realized.

Oddly enough, he didn't hear anything. A whimper came from the other adult. The whimper was more of a sad whine.

Soviet Union sniffed around, but because of the strong smell of blood coming from the other's leg, he couldn't pick out much of the smell.

The owner in the burrow lay down on the ground. Soviet came closer to him in confusion and heard his whimpering. When he got close enough, he noticed four similar smells that weren't the adult's.

As he got his nose closer, he smelled the bodies of the four cubs. That terrible smell of death now stung not only his nose but also his heart. While Soviet couldn't say exactly what happened to them, he suspected the boys had starved to death.

The crying of the not only physically injured adult echoed through the building.

Soviet Union got closer to the crying one and put his paw on his neck to stroke his neck and back to calm the crying one down a bit.

The stranger was completely desperate. Not knowing what to do, he gingerly picked up one of his dead kits and placed it on his belly.

Of course it didn't help. But he was far too desperate.

Soviet Union also shed a tear or two, while the other cried in tears and kept trying to warm or feed his bodies.

After a while, the desperate adult gave up and pressed his head against Soviet's chest.

Soviet Union was very surprised by the behavior but hugged him tenderly after wrapping his arms around him.

The white colored one cried himself out on the breast of the red

Wogatan.

"Let it all out.", Soviet said softly.

After some time, the smaller one let go of him and laid his head on the floor of the burrow.

Soviet knew that the unknown needed time for himself and made it clear to the other: "I know that this is very hard for you, but unfortunately I can't stay here, so I will leave you alone, go back home and with a bandage I will come back here for you with something to eat. I'm sorry, but that's about the best I can do for you right now."

Then Soviet stroked his neck and back again. After that, he moved away from him and crawled out of the burrow.

Soviet Union looked back at the dark burrow one more time. He really hoped he was doing the right thing. At a relatively fast pace, he ran away from the burrow to help the unknown as quickly as he could.

However, after he picked up his basket, he heard howling. Soviet Union wasn't the best at that ancient language the unknown used, but he was sure he had to go to him.

He immediately put his basket down and ran to the howling.

Arrived he saw the unknown tearful in front of his burrow.

"What's going on? I was just about to leave.", came from Soviet Union, who stood there confused.

The white colored one turned and held out his foot. Soviet quickly knew what the other wanted and went to help him walk.

Together they went to the car and Soviet let him in on the passenger side. Without any problems, the other got into the car and sat down like it was nothing special.

"I'll get my basket and then we'll drive to my house.", he informed his passenger before he went to get the basket.

When he came back and opened the back door of the car, he saw that the stranger was sitting in the seat normally and was no longer sitting on three legs on the seat. Soviet's passenger quickly lifted his leg back into the seat and tried to appear as if he hadn't done anything.

"You seem to me like you haven't spent your whole life in a forest.", said Soviet Union.

The big Wogatan didn't get an answer from the unknown and decided to leave him alone from these questions as he probably had a problem with them.

As Soviet Union sat down, something came to mind: "What about your partner?"

The white one looked sideways as if avoiding the subject. Soviet didn't quite understand the behavior but focused back on the car.

Chapter 2

At Soviet's home, he helped the stranger out of the car and brought him inside, where the guest lay down on a blanket while Soviet tended to his wound.

Soviet Union then placed a piece of paper and a pen in front of his guest and asked him: "What would you like me to call you?"

After a quick glance from the stranger, he took the pen in his mouth and drew a snowflake.

"Shall I call you Snowflake while you're with me?", asked Soviet Union, to which he received a nod.

"Then it's an honor for me to make your acquaintance, Snowflake. My name is Soviet Union, but if you ever talk to me...", the tall Wogatan introduced himself, but noticed the other's look and asked worriedly, "Is something wrong?"

The white-furred man looked at Soviet Union in shock and shrank back in fear.

Soviet Union came a little closer, shrank back and said: "Snowflake, you're my guest and I'll do everything I can to keep you safe until you're well and want to return to your forest or civilization. If I ever do anything wrong, you can just leave or let me know and I'll take you back to your forest."

Apparently, Snowflake had calmed down enough that he appeared a little taller and broader again, but nothing more. He was even more afraid of him than before.

"Can you eat dumplings with mushroom sauce or are you too wild for that?", Soviet asked his guest, who wagged his tail when he heard "dumplings with mushroom sauce".

Soviet Union giggled, wagged his tail, equally pleased and went

into his kitchen, where he began preparing the food. In between, he also went to Snowflake and gave him a bowl of soup and water.

When the meal was ready, Soviet Union cut his guest's dumpling into several pieces and let it stand for a while to cool. When Snowflake saw the food, his eyes widened with joy and he started wagging his tail again. As soon as the plate was in front of his snout, he immediately put his snout into the bowl and greedily gobbled everything down. He was more hungry than suspicious at the moment.

"Maybe you shouldn't eat quite so quickly. I can bring you enough to fill you up, but please eat more slowly.", Soviet asked him worriedly.

Snowflake looked up at him and then back down at the food before putting his snout back in the bowl, slowing his eating speed by half and chewing more. The food tasted heavenly and he truly enjoyed it, finishing two plates in total.

Full, he lay on his side and closed his eyes. Only now did he truly feel the warmth around him and relaxed even more. A very, very long time had passed since he had been so cozy and warm. He didn't trust Soviet, but he was kind to him and he enjoyed it in that moment. Without Soviet or Snowflake noticing, the white-colored Wogatan lost one of his lives because his stomach couldn't process the food, as it was too much for him.

Wogatan's have more than one life, which, except for their fur color and the fact that they were both sexes, distinguished them from other Wuntzen. Wuntzen died once, Wogatan's escape death 12 times. Soviet Union had escaped death three times, but Third Reich had now escaped seven times.

Soviet's last death had something to do with Third Reich, as there was a manhunt where he was impaled on a board in an old house. He was able to stand still in that moment and get a different view of what was happening, but he didn't tell anyone. Britain, France, America and Poland hated Reich and Soviet hated him too, but in that moment, when the world simply stood still, he realized something was wrong.

While Soviet lay impaled downstairs, Reich ran into the same room and noticed Soviet. Startled, he ran to him and even though he was visibly afraid, he approached Soviet and sniffed him before trying to pull the thing that impaled him away. The latter only succeeded slightly because Poland shot Reich in the shoulder, who whimpered and Reich ran away. Britain wasn't far behind them, running frantically on all fours and drooling profusely. His pupils were also very small, even though the hut wasn't particularly brightly lit.

But he could never tell anyone about that, because he was unsure whether what he saw was actually real, that the Wogatan, who had killed several thousand Wuntzen, would try to help his opponent. He would have liked to talk to him personally, but since he had disappeared and the world was still being turned upside down to find the missing Wogatan, there was nothing he could do.

The large Wogatan lay on the sofa watching TV, happy to be able to help the stranger, even though he began to wonder why, since mothers are actually extremely protective and wouldn't leave their mates, especially their young, alone. Had something happened to her? But the scent had been filled only with his scent and that of his young. But without their mother, the young wouldn't survive even a few hours, as they needed their mother's warmth and milk. It was strange.

But if he hadn't come, his guest would surely have died as well, he thought, since the stranger was so emaciated. Soviet Union wanted to get him back on his feet and get to know him better, as this mysteriousness of the stranger made him so curious.

When the injured stranger awoke after a while, he was shocked and relieved to realize that he hadn't woken up in his burrow. He then closed his eyes slightly again, stretched and turned over on his other side before lying flat on the ground.

Soviet giggled and was pleased with Snowflake's well-being. When the other one remained quiet again, the taller Wogatan read his newspaper again and let the other one relax in peace.